

Salvation Army Officers Gather in Annual Meet

Leaders From 15 States to Observe Thirty-Seventh Anniversary of Organization in Chicago.

Chicago, Nov. 23.—More than 500 officers of the central territory of the Salvation Army, comprising 15 states of the Mississippi valley, will gather here Friday for the annual territorial congress and to observe the 37th anniversary of the founding of the work in Chicago.

In February, 1885, Capt. William Evans with his wife was given \$200 and sent to Chicago with orders to work "in Chicago and west to the Hawaiian Islands." From that has grown the 323 corps of the central division and Capt. Evans' work ultimately reached the western edge of his territory—the Hawaiian Islands.

Selecting the "toughest" neighborhood in the city, he established his work. Windows were broken nightly. The crowds were so rough Capt. Evans was forced to pick the strongest members of his congregation each night for the position of doorkeeper. Many of the leaders of the army were converted by the Chicago leader. Brothers David Miller and John Smith, who will appear on the congress program, were converted by him.

Parents' Problems

How can children best be taught to take pleasure in little things? By making the most of what is at hand. Do not in their presence wish for more or better things. They should be taught to be contented with their lot, and that "from little acorns big oaks grow."

Use Omaha Bee "Want" Ads for Better Results at Lesser Cost. Telephone AT 1000 and ask for a "Want" Ad taker.

Demonstration Sale "Royal Easy Chairs" 'Kroehler' Davenport Union Outfitting Co.

New Low Prices and Special Terms Friday, Last Day of Demonstration.

Friday is the last day you can take advantage of the reduced prices and convenient terms being made by the Union Outfitting Company during the Demonstration of "Royal Easy" Chairs and "Kroehler" Bed Davenports. Either of these handsome Living Room pieces would make an ideal Christmas gift for the entire family—one that would last for years. A 5-piece Living Room Outfit and 60 other articles will be given away to visitors on Friday.

Good

and good for you

Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

They are rich in food-iron—also good food for the blood.

So raisins, luscious fruit-meats in themselves, are not merely good, but good for you.

Sun-Maid Raisins should cost you no more than the following prices:

Boxed (in 15 oz. tin) 25c
Boxed (in 11 oz. tin) 20c
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Always ask for

Sun-Maid Raisins

Had Your Iron Today?

SATURDAY

18

Lace Curtain Day

AT

The Value-Giving Store
Howard, 101 10th and 10th

Delay Doesn't Pay
Break That Cold Today

CASARA QUININE
CHECKS Cold in 24 hours—No matter how long it has been there. Tastes good. Standard remedy world over. Demand and best bearing. No ill effects and no danger. At All Drugists—20 Cents

666

is a Prescription for Colds, Fever and LaGrippe. It's the most speedy remedy we know, preventing Pneumonia.

SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

When she saw herself before her mirror now in the Paris gown she reeled in red horror. A tide of blood swept under her entire skin. Her bosom was bare in a great moony sweep, there were no straps at all across the shoulders, and her back was revealed to the waist. She had never known how beautiful it was until she stood before her mirror and looked across her shoulder at the creamy charm of the gently rippling plane.

She rose to the challenge of opportunity and clothed herself in audacity. The consciousness of her beauty gave a lift of bravado to her courage. She was happy in herself, and alienated her old modesties with a pious thought that the Lord never gave her such flesh for concealment.

Her mother was pale with terror of the white swan this pretty duckling had grown to, but she let her sail away.

The unsuspecting Ned Ling came to dinner and never dreamed that Mem was there to play the Lorelei. She shuddered at her own coquetry, but it was art for art's sake and in Heaven's name besides.

She met the comedian with a mixed attitude of homage and of self-confidence. She made him proud and she made him happy. Best of all, she put him at his best. He said witty things, and her laughter was a final allurements.

After the dinner they sank into big chairs in the Bernmonds' living room to watch the new picture. From a table behind them a little domestic projection machine sent a cone of light across their heads to a small curtain. And there a Lilliputian twin of Mem wept and fought and won through their drama.

From the dark, the happy gloom Ned Ling kept crying out his enthusiasm for Mem's skill. He was frank enough in criticism of the picture as a structure. He groaned at the comic relief and he shouted in ridicule of the hackneyed situations. Bernmond echoed his praise and his censure. The picture was not a Bernmond creation, but Mem was.

In an interlude during a change of reels Ned Ling said, with all the earnestness of an earnest clown: "I love your tears, Miss Steedon. They make me weep. See how wet my eyes are!"

He leaned close and made her look into his melancholy orbs. Their melancholy was never so close except when he was in a plight of comic despair. "I love to weep," he went on, shamelessly. "Last Christmas—how do you suppose I spent my Christmas? I stayed at home alone and felt sorry for myself. I did! Honestly! I just wallowed in self-pity. I sat for an hour before a mirror and watched the tears pour down my cheeks. And when they fell into my sobbing mouth I drank them, and loved them because they were so bitter. It was the happiest Christmas I ever spent. Next Christmas let's you and me sit together before a mirror and have a glorious cry and weeping duel. I can't imagine anyone else who would make me weep as lusciously as you. Will you come?"

"I'll be there," said Mem, half with pity and half with mockery. Thereupon, as the lights went out again, he laid his hand on hers where it rested on the arm of her chair. When she moved it he clutched it eagerly and whispered, "Oh, please!" and clung to it like a lonely child.

He laughed aloud at the wonderful battle Tom Holby put up, but he cheered Mem's every scene as she dashed through the storm. "How brave! How beautiful you are!" he murmured, leaning close. She whispered to him the tale of how near she was to death in the scene when she thrust her way through the tree.

And now he clung to her with both hands as if he would save her thus belatedly from danger.

"I was very near death in my last picture," he said. "I was supposed to sit down innocently on a plumber's torch. I had on asbestos trousers, but somehow my coat tails caught fire and I should have burned to death if Miss Clave hadn't thrown a rug around me. Awfully nice girl. I could have gone on loving her, but she kept talking about marriage and I was afraid she'd get me to the altar some day. God knows I'm afraid of marriage. Aren't you? It sickened me when I heard the audience scream with laughter at the scene. We kept it in as it was and gave it a funny title. It had just the touch of obscenity that everybody loves. 'Too bad we Americans make such a bane of obscenity! A little wholesome smut never hurt anybody.'"

When the picture was finished he told Bernmond what a genius he had in Miss Steedon and said he wished he had her himself. Bernmond adroitly and coquettishly forced the card on his hand, and before Ned Ling knew it it had been arranged that Mem should be lent to him at a figure far above her Bernmond salary.

"I stuck him for the extra money," Bernmond laughed afterward, "but I love to make Ned Ling pay. It hurts him so. I'll split the bonus with you, my dear."

CHAPTER L.

Tom Holby called on Mem the following evening. He had so earnest a face, so longing a manner, that she had not the heart to tell him at once of her triumph over Ned Ling and her engagement to play the leading role in his next farce.

But Holby seemed to realize that something had happened to take her a little further out of his parish. There was a fugaciousness in her manner, an independence of him, that terrified him.

He grew as flat-footedly direct and simple as one of the big bluff men he so often played. He actually twisted his hat, running his fingers round and round the brim as he did when he was a cowboy making love to a gal from down east. He was as sheepish as Will Rogers playing Romeo, but not so shrinkingly funny.

His very bashfulness pleaded for him, and if Mem had been free of this new hunger of hers for a taste of comedy she might have taken pity on him leaving.

But she was in a mood of deferment at least, and her smiling, teasing manner baffled him. In his confusion he noted a bundle of letters in his pocket, and for lack of other topic pulled them out.

"This is a pack of letters that came to the studio just as I was leaving," he explained. "I stuffed 'em in my pocket. Haven't had a chance to see them over. Mostly trash notes, I guess."

He took out the lot and rifled them over like a pack of cards.

"If they think we movie people are fools, what have they got to say of the public that deluges us with this stuff? Here's one. Let's see what it's like." He read from a letter of passionate import.

"Dear Mr. Holby—If I could only tell you how much I adore you, you would be the proudest man on earth. There's a picture of you on my bureau now, but it's only a clipping from a Sunday supplement. Let's see what it's like." He read from a letter of passionate import.

under his eyelids. He hoped that there was a tinge of jealousy in her heart. That would be vastly encouraging. But her eyes revealed contentment only, for men and the jealousies that haunt them.

"No, he's a man," said Tom, dolefully—"combination of press agent, valet, dresser and secretary."

The next letter had a Philippine Islands postmark. It was from a man in Cebu. It said:

"Dear Friend—Kindly please send me a copy of your sympathy portrait. Hoping to receive it your benevolent reply. Many thanks for my best wishes."

He read a few more. They represented a comic clientele. But he saw that they were boring Mem and put them back into his pocket.

"Have man," she said, "you open your mail in the presence of the woman you—you—"

"I love and expect to marry," he said, gripping her hand. It was a grip of authority. It was Cupid's constable, so different from the pathetic clutch of Ned Ling the clown child.

Just now it was Mem's humor to control somebody. She did not open Holby's clutch or resent it. She followed the most laudable and exasperating of all policies, non-resistance.

"Yes, you're wedded already to an army of fans. Half the women in the United States seem to claim you as their spiritual bridegroom. I'd as soon marry a telephone booth or a census report. You make Brigham Young look like a confirmed bachelor. He had only 40 wives or so. You have a million."

"They make me tired."

"Maybe, but what wouldn't they do to me? I'd get poisoned candy or infernal machines in the mail. I'd never dare marry you. It would be committing suicide."

She was not altogether without seriousness; she felt a primeval jealousy, a primeval sense of monopoly. She writhed at the thought of possessing only a minute fraction of a universal husband, a syndicated consort whose portrait on a thousand bureaux inspired numberless strange women with an ardor they called artistic admiration, as the medieval girls and spinsters set up images of saints and made violent love to them under the name of religion, clothing numerous raptures in pious phrases, and burning with desires that they interpreted as heavenly yearnings.

Men turned green at the thought of a husband whose real lips she must share with actresses on the scene and whose pictured lips would be kissed good night all around the world.

It was a monstrous, fantastic jealousy, but its foundation was real. She shuddered at the prospect of being embraced by a husband whose virility thrilled a multitude of anonymous maenads. If all these idiots wrote, how many must there be who worshiped in silence?

But she did not express this revolution to Tom Holby. She did not really feel enough desire for him just now to be jealous, except with a prophetic remoteness. Just now she was curious about another type of soul, about a comic spirit.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Have you a room for rent? Telephone a "Want" Ad tonight AT 1000.

House of Two-Pants Suits

Friday and Saturday Barker Quality Suits

with extra pair of trousers

"Barker Quality" means that these suits have character and style in every line, and good workmanship every step of the way. Every garment is all wool, perfectly tailored, and the style—well, take your choice, we have them all. Single or double breasted, sack, or any other style in conservative or sport models; patterns, plain, check, stripes, or fancy designs. They're all here, and the price range is

\$22⁵⁰ \$27⁵⁰ \$34⁵⁰

OVERCOATS

Button your body inside a Barker Overcoat, and then let Old Man Winter do his worst! You'll never know a cold breeze!

We're showing overcoats for dress, sport or business wear. Each has been carefully chosen to give the greatest possible value in its class and price.

\$25 - \$30 - \$35 and up

Blue Serge Suits

Everyone needs at least one blue serge, the "old reliable," in his wardrobe. We just received a shipment we'd like to have you see. Satin-lined, two-pants, 15-oz. Australian wool, these suits were bought to sell at \$60.

Thanksgiving Offering at only

\$40



HATS

You'll find a choice of velours, scratch and smooth felts here, in the season's newest colors and shapes, silk-lined. Regular \$6 and \$7 values, Friday and Saturday at..... **\$5**

"TUX" SUITS

Formal dress is a requisite with the well-dressed man today. The Tuxedo is highly favored. We are showing a new shipment made in the very latest style and bought to sell at \$35 for the unheard-of price of—

(Friday and Saturday Only)

\$25⁰⁰

These Shirts Are a Real "Buy"



Here's a clean-up offer of our regular \$5 shirts of silk mixtures in many and varied patterns, in all sizes. Until they are gone **\$3.95**

Manhattan, Kingley and similar noted makes, in all materials, colors and sizes.... **\$1.50 to \$10**

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We're offering regular \$6 and \$7 all-wool union suits, including the Vassar and Superior brands at a special price, for Friday and Saturday..... **\$5**

Mixed wool-and-cotton suits, medium weights, regular \$2.00 value, Friday and Sat. **\$1.50**

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Woody, well-made outing flannel night shirts, **\$1** \$1.35 value.....

Pajamas of outing flannel in plain or fancy patterns, with silk frogs to match, \$2.50 value, garments.... **\$1.95**



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Gloves of such materials as to fill every need—silk, fabric, cashmere, buckram, all by famous makers—

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FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

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All wool, in coat, slip-on and students' styles. All colors or heather mixtures, up to..... **\$12**

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Daily Prayer

But I shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light.—Zech. 14:1.

We speak to Thee, O Lord, our Father, not as aliens and strangers, but as children of the household. Thou hast given unto us many and priceless tokens of Thy favor. We have felt the touch of Thy hand upon our head and the joy of Thy benediction in our heart. Cause Thy face to shine upon the dark places through which we may be called to pass this day and may the clouds be lifted; or, if the darkness be better for us according to Thy wisdom and Thy will, then be Thy promises a glorious beacon and Thy fidelity a star, and may we be made to feel that it is better to hold on to Thy hand in the dark than to walk alone in the light. If we are not all that thou dost intend us to be, if we are not in harmony with Thee, if we want for ourselves, and not for others, if our service be the hollow service of habit or the shallow service of display, show us how we are disappointed.

ing Thee, and starving ourselves, and rubbing our fellows, and putting far off the one divine event toward which the whole creation moves, the kingdom of God in human hearts and the union of man in the bonds of righteousness and peace. Especially regard the unsaved. Those who touch us on every side, whose hearts are kept back from Thee. May our lives be so clean and so true that God's cause may ever have a witness and an example in the influence we daily exert. Amen.

JOHN H. WILLEY, PH.D., S. T. D., Pittsburgh, Pa.